

CLOSED SALOONS WERE FEW.

SMALL DEALERS SCARED, BUT FEW SHUT UP ENTIRELY.

Watchers on Many Doors and the Growler Trade Cut Off—Big Hotels Made No Changes—Magistrate Ommen Talks of Sunday Sales—Suggests 6 Day License.

Jerome's prediction that yesterday might be a dry Sunday was not verified. The police did not put their clamp on some of the small saloons, but a majority of them sold liquor as usual and the hotels and restaurants were not molested.

There were sixty-two arrests in the city yesterday. Five of these were in Brooklyn. No arrests were made in the boroughs of Queens and Richmond. Whether it was an account of Mr. Jerome's threats or not, the fact remains that the number of excise agents took a big jump since last Sunday. On that day nineteen were made, one of which was in Brooklyn.

This was the greatest number of excise agents since Jan. 24, 1904. Sixty-five were made on that Sunday, soon after McAdoo took office. The record is 162 arrests, on July 12, 1903, when Greene was Commissioner.

The precincts in which the most arrests were made yesterday were the East Fifth street, where six places were found to be violating the law; the East 104th and East Fifty-first, four arrests in each; the East Fifty-sixth, six arrests, and the West Twenty-third, Tenthredin, West Fifty-eighth and East Eighty-eighth, three each.

Wherever saloons were found closed there was also to be heard the report that Jerome's men had been snooping around. However, what was done was the way of making the town dry was accomplished by the police in their own peculiar way. On Saturday night the tip was sent out to small saloonkeepers to close for the day or at least to admit only such persons as were well known.

Hotels and good sized places were allowed to run full blast and they did so. It didn't take the thirsty long to find an oasis even if they had to walk two or three blocks. On the Bowery a number of saloons closed, or at least made a pretense at closing. It was difficult for one not familiar with the neighborhood to get into these places, although there was always a bouncer at the door to notify the caller that there was nothing doing.

A minor complaint on the east and west sides of the town was that the Jerome tip had scared the saloonkeepers into shutting off entirely the can trade. No construction of the liquor law, the saloonkeepers fear can make a caller with a can a "guest of a hotel."

By nightfall many saloons that had been running cautiously during the day were opened more boldly and everybody was admitted. In the Tenthredin the small places were closed to those not known as steady patrons. The big hotels and restaurants made no pretence of varying their usual customs.

The police of the Oak street station were warned last night about an incident that would occur on the bridge tomorrow evening after dark. A man with a camera took up a position directly in front of one of the saloons that north of the bridge entrance and snaphotized everybody who went in or out of the place. He did this for half an hour, and a big crowd collected.

A group of young women leaving a Brooklyn trolley car went in and out two or three times, so as to be sure they were photographed. Ward of the camera's appearance was noted about in the saloons and some refused to enter until assured that the man and the camera had departed. Several cars tried to get the photographer to follow who he, he kept mum.

Little attention was paid to the excise law in the West Twentieth and West Thirty-ninth street precincts. Saloons were open within a block of both stations. From the street people could be seen drinking out of the back rooms. The same situation existed all over town where the alarm had gone forth that Jerome's men were up and doing.

On the upper East Side there were many violations and few arrests, the East Fifty-eighth street station having only three prisoners. One was the proprietor of a Raines law hotel who did not serve sandwiches with drinks and the others were saloonkeepers. Many of the saloons in the district were cautious to the extent of having chains on their doors and admitting only trusted customers.

The better class hotels did not deviate from their customary role of selling drinks to everybody. Some of them offered the never-ending sandwich and charged five or ten cents extra for it. It is said that the most famous hotel in New York makes \$10,000 a year extra on the Sunday sandwich. Other hotels simply served drinks at tables with the sandwiches. Still more put out the sandwiches and did not charge for them. It is not etiquette to eat a Raines law sandwich, nor is it hygienic.

Magistrate Ommen in a talk last night on the excise problem suggested that three classes of licenses should be issued, a license for saloons that keep open six days and saloons for restaurants and hotels to keep open seven days. The law should require that the restaurants have a seating capacity for about 50 people and that the hotels at least in class the first class have twenty-five bedrooms. Mr. Ommen is strongly in favor of having the question of open Sunday saloons voted on by the people of this city. He added:

"That question ought to be settled one way or the other. The saloonkeeper is the untold and shuttlecock of politics. Mr. Ommen, Dr. Raines and some others think the saloons ought to be open on Sunday. My own impression is that a majority of the people of this city do not want an open saloon on Sunday.

RISKS LIFE FOR HER CHILDREN.

Mrs. John Strome Hushes Back and Carries Her Youngsters Out.

The O'Gormans, on the second floor of an apartment house at 245 East Fifty-first street, gave a birthday party last night for Mabel O'Gorman, and all the neighbors were invited, as well as a lot of Mabel's East Side girl friends. Mrs. John Strome, who lives on the floor above, waited until her husband went out, then put her babies, a two-week-old infant and a girl of three, to bed and went to the party. She left a window open and a gas jet burning near the curtain.

They were having a fine time in the O'Gorman flat when cries of fire came from the street and smoke filled the hall. Mrs. Strome ran for her own flat. Curtain, woodwork, carpet and even the bed were on fire. The children were crying.

The mother ran in through the smoke and over the blazing carpet, burning her feet and limbs. She caught the baby in one arm and the small girl in the other and managed to get out on the fire escape before she lost her senses and fainted.

Meanwhile the O'Gorman party had gone all to pieces. The neighbors thought Mrs. Strome's children were burned to death and that Mrs. Strome herself was killed. They were all half hysterical and fled to the street. Mabel's girl friends grabbed their wraps and hats and scattered, one girl so excited that she carried a plate of ice cream with her.

A fire alarm had been turned in by someone in the street and when the firemen got there they saw Mrs. Strome lying on the fire escape tightly clutching the children. In ten seconds the men had a ladder to the third floor and in ten more the mother and her children were in the street.

Mrs. Strome wasn't the only hero. Policeman Holmes thought he heard a groan during the fire. The groan came from an adjoining apartment. The door was locked and the cop put his shoulder against it. He saw a corner of a frightened little blue terrier. Holmes gathered it up and took it to the street, where some guyed and some applauded.

AUTO RUNS DOWN WOMAN.

Then Dashes Away—Had Previously Grazed a Cab Horse.

A big automobile speeding up Broadway late last night ran down Mrs. Annie Ryan of 311 West Fifty-fifth street at the Fifth street corner. Mrs. Ryan is the president of the Catholic Library Association.

There were two men and two women in the machine. When the driver saw Mrs. Ryan fall he started to bring his machine to a halt, but the women shouted to him to go ahead and he shot on, nearly striking a car running down two men who had run in front of the machine and tried to stop it.

Some one got the number of the auto as 11681 N. Y. While the crowd was picking Mrs. Ryan up a cab came up Broadway at a gallop in pursuit of the automobile. The horse dripping blood from a cut on the forehead. The cabby shouted to Policeman Hudson that the machine had hit his rig at Fifty-eighth street.

Hudson didn't stop him and turned his attention to getting an ambulance for the injured woman. At Roosevelt Hospital it was found that Mrs. Ryan had a broken leg and body contusions. Her face was badly battered and her nose was broken. She had also lost a diamond earring, which had been torn from her ear.

While the injured woman was being taken to the hospital the cabman with the automobile was picked up at the corner of the West Forty-seventh street station. He said he was J. P. Thompson of 406 West Fifty-first street, and that the machine was going fully thirty miles an hour when one of its lamps grazed his horse's shoulder at Fifty-eighth street. He lost the machine at the Seventh avenue entrance to Central Park.

License 11681 belongs to a machine owned by Human & Scholz, manufacturers of automobiles at 124 West Thirty-eighth street. Detectives were sent down to the place to find out who was driving the car.

R. R. STATION BURNS DOWN.

Agent Says a Lot of Money Was Destroyed—His Narrow Escape.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Jan. 8.—The Verona station and freight house on the Caldwell branch of the Erie was destroyed by fire late yesterday afternoon. William Fisher, the agent, declares that the first intimation he had that the building was on fire was when he detected the odor of burning cloth and turning, discovered the chair in which he was seated ablaze, and the entire building enveloped in flames. He rushed out and gave the alarm. Verona is without fire protection and the structure was quickly destroyed. Fisher says he was unharmed, but lost the company's money or tickets.

At Fisher's boarding house it was said that he had worried during the past few days because he was unable to get his accounts balance and had spent many extra hours in going over his books. This accounts for the fact, his friends say, that he failed to detect the fire until he was almost enveloped in flames. He had hired a couple of young men during the past week, it is said, to help him on his books. He was immediately after the fire reported the loss to the company, telling his friends that he was going to his home at night.

It is said that the American Bronze Company on the day of the fire paid to Fisher a freight bill of \$150, and that the amount in charges of the agent was considerable. This Fisher says was destroyed. An Erie detective visited the scene after the fire. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

CRAP SHOOTERS DO UP A COP.

Hammersley Had to Go on Sick Leave—Only One Arrest Made.

A gang of young men were shooting craps at 111th street and Lexington avenue yesterday morning when Detective Hammersley came along. He rebuked the crowd, grabbed for dice and money, and they grabbed him and sat on him.

A passing cabman saw the detective's plight and whipped up to the East 104th street police station, where he told the sergeant that a policeman was in a bad way. Three cops were sent to the corner on the jump.

They found that all the gang had fled save William Simon, a young plumber's assistant, whose home is at 1820 Lexington avenue. Hammersley's right hand was gripped in his coat collar. Hammersley was exhausted and badly hurt. He had got a hard punching from several of the gang and his right eye was closed and bleeding. Somebody had thrown stones at him.

Simon was taken to the police station and locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct. Hammersley went on the sick list.

FIRE AFTER SEA COLLISION.

ZAMBESI'S FIREMEN POISONED BY PHOSPHOROUS FUMES.

Boat Had Just Scraped Her Forefoot Off Against a Submerged Derelict When Fire Was Discovered in the Cotton Forward—Nobody Died of It but the Cat.

With the ancient wireless telegraphy of bunting the new, trim British freight ship Zambesi, Capt. Edward Rooney, captain of sea shortland the Hook as she passed in yesterday morning that she had been in collision with a derelict and that the cargo in her hold was afire. That summary of her woes prompted the ship news men to hustle for a tug and board the luckless freighter when she came up the bay and anchored off Liberty Island.

It was a weary, but happy ship's company that told the misadventures of the Zambesi. Rooney, ward Rooney, captain of sea shortland the Hook as she passed in yesterday morning that she had been in collision with a derelict and that the cargo in her hold was afire. That summary of her woes prompted the ship news men to hustle for a tug and board the luckless freighter when she came up the bay and anchored off Liberty Island.

The Zambesi sailed from Savannah on Jan. 2 with a cargo consisting of 2,700 tons of phosphate rock, 750 bales of cotton and 500 tons of cotton meal. She ran into foul weather on the third day out, last Thursday, and, though laden to her Plimsoll line, and drawing 25 feet, she rolled heavily.

The ship was about 90 miles east of Hatteras about 9 o'clock that night, when Capt. Rooney, who was on the bridge, was thrown against the rail by a tremendous jar. It seemed as if the ship had smashed into a rock. Men on duty all over her were hurled from their feet and her steel frames quivered. The lookout on the forecastle head had seen nothing in the darkness like a ship, but at the moment of impact he had peered below and seen the outline of the hull of a capsized derelict.

After a temporary check the Zambesi gathered way again and the derelict vanished by her starboard side. The skipper saw the hull plainly enough, as he leaned over the starboard rail of the bridge, to guess that it was about 150 feet long and that it was floating on a buoyant cargo of lumber. He had already signalled to the engine room to stop the ship and she was nearly at a standstill when he made his observation.

The skipper and the engineer, after finding that there were fourteen feet of water in the forepeak, decided to shape a course for this port for repairs. The sea was still tumbling. At 11 o'clock on Friday morning while the ship was heading this way, a sailor reported that the forward deck over hold No. 1 was so hot that it converted the spray of the tumbling sea into steam. The ventilators of the fore hold were opened. They belched fire. The fire closed instantly, and the engineer turned five steam into the compartment, in which cotton and phosphate are stowed. The gale had increased and the skipper was fearful that the racketing ship was getting might open her wounds forward.

Five firemen and three sailors who were asleep in the foremen's forecastle, which is directly over the place where the cotton was burning, were needed for immediate duty. The skipper was going to put on all steam and make a race for port, not knowing whether the fire might gain headway and the rent in the ship's forefoot spread.

The man who went to the foremen's forecastle to rouse the sleepers was driven from the door by suffocating fumes. He reported the plight of his shipmates to the skipper and all hands were ordered forward to rescue the seven men. They were dragged out one by one to the open deck. Every man was unconscious. They were carried to the captain's cabin, the ship lurching and taking aboard many sea crests meanwhile. Some of the men went into convulsions while the skipper was trying to get the fumes, due to the effect of the fire on the phosphate rock, out of their lungs and stomachs. He gave them mustard and warm water as an emetic, and they finally came around, after much suffering, but were unable to go to work again.

All the engineers and sailors were set to shovelling coal, and the freighter bucked the opposing seas like a Russian icebreaker. It was a glad moment when the skipper found himself inside the Hatteras in quiet water. He had been three nights without sleep, and was shaken a bit by the strain on his nerves, as was every other member of the ship's company except the cabin boy, who, when he posed for his picture, folded his arms and looked as impressive and fearless as a pirate in a comic opera.

In the hustle to save the seven lives in the forecastle, one other life was forgotten. They belonged to the ship's cat, and every one of them was snuffed out. She was buried in the forecastle sea that the ship had on her short voyage. The gale shifted and heaped up seas on the port quarter, one of which lifted a lifeboat from its cradle and hurled it against two ventilators, carrying them away.

Capt. Rooney said last evening that he thought that the fire in the cargo would be practically out before this morning, and that he would then await the orders of his agents, Funch, Edye & Co., to go into dry dock. He said he could not guess the extent of the damage under water but that he thought there was a pretty big hole.

EUGENE F. WARE IS GONE.

And the Motto Over His Desk, "The Lord Hateth a Liar," Has Been Painted Out.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Eugene F. Ware, former Commissioner of Pensions, is gone. He has not been seen since he was taken to the city from time to time reminiscent of his stormy career. Mr. Ware's favorite motto: "The Lord hateth a liar," beautifully done in gaudy colors over the desk of the former Commissioner, has been painted out by order of high official of the Interior Department.

Mr. Ware had the words painted on the wall. He never explained the suggestion intended. Somebody in authority resented them, however, for early one morning last week the official whitewasher of the Department appeared in the office reserved for the Commissioner and said that he was under orders to paint out the obnoxious words.

The days of health were the days when winter wheat was sown. Wheat has always been sown from winter wheat. Try it. Ade.

TOUCHED THE MAGISTRATE.

Judge Crane and a Friend Victims of Street Car Pickpockets.

Magistrate Crane, accompanied by a friend, rode down to the Tombs police court yesterday morning in a Third avenue surface car. As they left the car at Canal street they were jostled by a number of young men standing on the rear platform.

"Why don't you sit inside, there's lots of room?" said the Magistrate.

"It's healthier here in the fresh air," replied one of the obstructors.

A few minutes later the Magistrate's friend reached for his pocketbook.

A blank expression came over his face as he unsuccessfully delved into each pocket.

"Why, I had \$40 in my pocketbook when I left the house and now I can't even find the pocketbook," said the friend.

"To suppose any of those young men on the car touched me?"

"Maybe so," replied the Magistrate. "These pickpockets are smooth articles. Never mind, I've got some change," whereupon the Magistrate felt for his wallet. He continued to feel for some time.

"Why, I believe they have taken mine, too," he muttered as he hurriedly made another search. "Yes, it's gone, but there was only a little change in it. I had a couple of my cards in it; that was the principal loss."

The rest of the morning the Magistrate and his friends peered anxiously into the faces of all the "specks" that were lined up before them in the police court.

FROM NORWAY IN A LIFEBOAT.

The Unlucky Reaches Gloucester Safely After Once Stranding on the Coast.

GLoucester, Mass., Jan. 8.—The Norwegian lifeboat Uraed, which set out from Aalesund, Norway, on Aug. 8 for America, was cast up on Pavilion Beach shortly after midnight. A mistake in taking an electric cable for a harbor beacon was the cause. She was hauled off comparatively uninjured at noon.

She is commanded by Ole Brude, her inventor, a Norwegian of twenty-four, with Mate Iver Thorsen and Seamen Lars Matson and Carl Johansen. She is 18 feet long, 8 feet beam and 8 feet depth. She is shaped like an egg or football and has no keel, but a centreboard. She has a conning tower and masts. Ballasting is achieved by fresh water and salt water tanks. Six months condensed provisions were taken along.

The voyage was made across the North Sea, by the Shetland Islands to Greenland, thence to St. John's, N. F., which was reached in three months, and thence proceeding for New York, the objective being originally the St. Louis exposition. The motive power was a small sail.

She had a tempestuous passage throughout, especially during the last week on the New England coast. On Friday the steering wheel was wrong and the flag signals were set during the day and blue lights burned at night. At length the steering gear was repaired and the craft steered for Gloucester, where she stranded.

She surpassed the anticipation of her inventor. At no time was she submerged below the midship section and she rode the crest of the highest waves with ease, proving herself an ideal sea boat.

The price for the vessel and her cargo is one of 1,000,000 francs offered by the French Government. Capt. Brude will go to New York and will later sail for France.

SENATOR COCKRELL'S LIBRARY.

About 35,000 Volumes of Public Documents to Be Given to Libraries and Friends.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Senator Cockrell has completed plans for the distribution of his library, the largest and most valuable collection of public documents possessed by any Congressman. It comprises from 30,000 to 35,000 volumes, covering practically every subject of public interest. The Senator will give it to libraries in Missouri and to his friends in that State.

The books have been stored in a special room in the Capitol. With more foresight than many of his colleagues he has preserved the surplus of the documents required by him, so that now complete sets of very desirable books are available for distribution. They cover a vast range of subjects and many phases of the history of the country since the civil war.

Complete sets of the Agricultural Year Book are among the most valuable in the collection. These give a thorough and scientific narrative of the growth of American agriculture since 1874, from which time the year books date. Other documents are the messages and papers of the Presidents, reports by the American Historical Society and the Smithsonian Institution, the state papers of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and reports of exploration trips into foreign possessions of the United States and parts of this country. General subjects treated deal with American commerce, ethnology, geology, astronomy, tariff, polar exploration and the like, nearly every subject with which Congress has dealt during the past thirty years.

SUICIDE E. P. WILLIAMS?

E. W. Phillips's Certificate Found in Pocket of Man Who Shot Himself.

A pistol shot woke up the clerk in the Eastern Hotel, at the foot of Whitehall street, about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The office of the hotel is on the second floor and the shot came from one of the rooms down the corridor. A tiny, white-haired man who had registered on Friday as E. P. Williams, N. Y., was in Room 16, sprawled out on a chair with a bullet hole in his forehead. His right hand grasped a small revolver.

An ambulance surgeon from the Hudson street hospital at the request of a policeman took the body to the anatomy room around the corner at 9th street. Dr. Brown Jackson, when he heard that the body had been taken to the station house without a permit from him, ordered the body to be returned and announced to-day that he would hold an investigation to determine who was responsible for the slight put upon his office.

Meanwhile for one effort to establish the dead man's identity was made by the police. They found in his pocket a certificate of membership in the New York Produce Exchange, bearing the name E. W. Phillips, and numbered 2915. The only other effects found on him were a bunch of keys and a gold watch. There is a broker of the name of E. P. Williams in the Produce Exchange Building. His home address is given as South Orange. Detective McManus of the Old Slip station hunted up one of the Produce Exchange elevator men and had him look at the body, but he was unable to identify it. The dead man is a close cropped beard and a brown mustache touched with gray. Brooklyn inquired last night for a missing E. Williams and sent over to examine the body.

TALE OF CHEST FULL OF GOLD.

DUG UP IN THE CELLAR OF AN OLD BRONX HOUSE.

Builder Meehan Says There is \$150,000 Worth of Coins and Bank Notes of All Nations in the Iron Box His Men Found on the T. L. Macy Estate.

A tale of buried treasure, real money, turned up in The Bronx last night that was calculated to make Bronx eyes pop. James S. Meehan, contractor and builder, of 1023 Hilltop place, whose employees, he says, discovered the treasure, told this blood-stirring story of the find.

"For several weeks I have had a gang of men at work on the old Macy estate at Prospect and Longwood avenues, excavating for the cellar of a six story apartment house I am putting up there. Thomas Cunningham is my foreman directing the men. I don't just remember where he lives. An old house—I was told it was considerably more than a century old—had been torn down and my men were grubbing about in the cellar, clearing the trash away."

"On Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock, Cunningham had a half dozen Indians digging in what had been apparently the wine cellar. The foreman was getting out the heavy bricks and flagstones of the cellar floor. He was bossing away at the thing when one of the picks struck something that rang, and drove a spark out of it. Cunningham took hold of the pick himself. In a minute he had uncovered a curious looking iron box, or chest rather, and the men lifted it out of the hole."

"It was about 2½ feet long, 1½ feet wide and weighed, I estimate, when I tried to lift it, about 100 pounds, perhaps more. It was so rust covered that the iron was eaten away on all sides of it, and it was caked with mud that had turned so hard. On each end was a handle."

"My foreman found that the ancient lock wouldn't work and he took a hammer and smashed it. Then he threw back the lid and let out a yell. The Italians crowded around him, but Cunningham ordered them back."

"That old iron chest, as I saw it myself, just a short time afterward, was so full of money that it ran over when the lid was raised. I wish I could give you an idea of all the kinds of money we found in the chest when we tried to count it. There was gold and paper coins and bills of a dozen different nations, English, Spanish and American gold there was more of than any other kind."

"Perhaps there was \$100,000 worth of gold, we could not get a definite idea because the coins were so varied and we didn't have a table handy to compute the value in American money of all the foreign coins and notes. Besides the English, Spanish and American gold, there were German 10 mark pieces, Italian gold pieces and French napoleons."

"There were 300 Spanish pieces of 100 pesos each, 100 German 10 mark pieces, more English sovereigns than I could reckon off hand, as well as coins of other nations I have mentioned, American eagles and double eagles and such like."

"When we got to counting and trying to figure the value of the paper money in the chest we were up against it harder than the gold. There were plenty of good American notes, money that I know is all right, but the denominations are, or what the total value of it would be, because, I was too much excited, I suppose."

"I saw Spanish bank notes, English £25 notes, as well as Bank of England certificates for £5 and so on, Italian bank notes and national certificates. German notes and paper money of other lands beside. We could not get an idea of what its value was, but I have an idea that it is worth, the paper money I mean, fully \$50,000."

"We did the counting and inspecting at Mr. Cunningham's house, where he had the chest taken immediately after he notified me that he had discovered it. I told him that it was the best thing to do, that he had found the treasure and might be getting the rightful owner of it."

"But we made up our minds that no dwelling would ever be safe enough to keep that in overnight, and we had it hauled off as soon as possible to a safe deposit vault in Harlem where it is locked up now, so you can't see it to-night. No, I won't say what vault. I would rather not until Mr. Cunningham has seen the heirs of Theodore L. Macy, who once lived in the house, and has made some arrangement with them."

"I'll tell you what I think. I would rather have the stuff in that rusty old chest than the value of the six story apartment house that's going over the spot where the chest was found."

"According to old Bronxites, who took a deep interest in the story of the treasure found by the contractor's men, Theodore L. Macy might well have buried a pretty round sum in his own wine cellar."

He was in the wholesale grocery business at Sixth avenue and Forty-third street for years and accumulated a fortune. When he died he was supposed to be a millionaire. He left two sons and six daughters, who live somewhere in The Bronx and Manhattan. The old home never passed out of the hands of the estate. It is said.

Mr. Meehan bought the land on which the house stood from Theodore M. Macy.

BETTINA GIRARD IS DEAD.

Actress Passes Away in Roosevelt After an Illness of Only a Day.

Bettina Girard, the actress, died in Roosevelt Hospital yesterday morning at 2½ o'clock from acute pneumonia. She had been taken to the hospital twenty hours before, a wreck. The doctors said that she had little or no chance of recovery, and despite all that could be done she sank rapidly.

Several times before the end really came it was thought that she was dead.

She had braced up in the last year and had been very successful in a starring tour through the West. She played the leading role in "The Marriage of Kitty," under the management of Julia Murray. The show took a week off Christmas and Miss Girard came to this city to spend the holiday. This proved her undoing. She met old friends and fell from grace. Her weakened condition made her susceptible to the disease that caused her death.

Bettina Girard came originally from Washington. Her father was Gen. Ordway, chief of the Ordnance department. The daughter was a favorite in Washington society and began to fade one night by filling her slipper with champagne and handing it to a young man, who drank the contents. Her first husband was Arthur Padelford of Baltimore. A daughter was born to them. Padelford later secured a divorce and his wife went on the stage.

McADOO'S SECRETARY IN A RAIS.

Leads a Squad Which Clubs a Restless Negro Into Insensibility.

William Howell, secretary to Police Commissioner McAdoo, headed a squad of police who raided a flat in West Twenty-sixth street last night as a disorderly house. Four men and one woman were made prisoners.

The place was run by a negro, Arthur Johnson. When the raiders entered he attacked Howell, who escaped injury only by the timely aid of his assistants. In the fight the flat was wrecked.

The police had to beat the negro insensible with clubs. While he was unconscious they tied him hand and foot with a clothesline.

After treatment by an ambulance surgeon the man was locked up in the West Twenty-sixth street station.

GOV. HIGGINS IN WASHINGTON.

He and Collector Stranahan Dine and Talk With the President.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Gov. Higgins of New York and Collector of Customs Stranahan were guests of the President at dinner to-night. They came to Washington on Monday and their visit naturally caused some speculation, but both declared that there was no significance in their presence at the White House. The Governor said that Mr. Roosevelt had asked them to come for a little social visit, and so he went over to the White House to-night to take pot luck with the President.

Comptroller of Corporations James R. Garfield and Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot were also the President's guests. After dinner the party went to the President's study, on the second floor of the White House, and had a talk. Both Mr. Stranahan and Gov. Higgins said that politics was not mentioned, and there was no discussion of business matters. They left for New York on the midnight train.

RAN AGAINST CHADWICK'S FIST.

Summit Hackman Has One of Mr. Jerome's B. A. D.'s Arrested.

ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 8.—Deputy Assistant District Attorney Chadwick of New York, whose career as a football player is still a theme in song and story at Yale, lives with his parents in Summit, N. J.

He came home last night as usual and as he alighted from the train noted that the rain was falling heavily. He signalled Henry Hopst, a hackman, and just at that moment M. E. Badeau, one of Hopst's regular customers came up. Hopst was about to drive his regular patron off when an argument arose, apparently as to who saw Hopst first. The argument ended when Chadwick's fist shot out and was stopped by the hackman's face. The hackman called a policeman, and Chadwick was taken to the police station. Badeau testified that the assault was unprovoked and Chadwick offered in explanation the fact that he had been greatly provoked, but he was willing to pay a fine of \$25 and have Hopst doctored up at his own expense. Now Hopst says he will sue for damages.

SMOOTITES TO RETIRE KEARNS.

They Decide to Elect a Supporter of the Mormon Church to the U. S. Senate.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Jan. 8.—Senator Reed Smoot, who is on trial before the United States Senate, has again triumphed, and the new United States Senator from Utah will be a son-in-law of John D. Lee, the Danite chief, who was executed by the Federal Government for the Mountain Meadows massacre. The Smootites, who control the Legislature by an overwhelming majority, got together last night, and it was decided that George Sutherland, a benchman of Apostle Smoot, should be elected Senator to succeed Senator Thomas Kearns.

Kearns refused to wear the yoke of Smoot and the Mormon Church, and so Smoot decided to retire Kearns and elect Sutherland, who is a supporter of the Church.

PERSIAN PAYS \$30,000.

To the Widow of an American Missionary Who Was Murdered by Kurds.